And a man ſhall not onely endure this wrong,
But ſhall ſtand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbaſon* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittoll, godſo
The diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name:
And they may hang hats heere, and napkins heere
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, Ile ferit him,
And vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe ſhould aide him,
Ile ſearch vnpoſſible places: Ile about it,
Leaſt I repent too late.

Exit omnes.

Enter M. Fenton, Anne Page, and Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Fen. Tell me ſweet *Nan*, how doſt thou yet reſolue,
Shall fooliſh *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wiſe as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall ſuch as they enioy thy maiden heart?
Thou knowſt that I haue alwayes loued thee deare,
And thou haſt oft-times ſwore the like to me.

Anne. Good M. *Fenton*, you may aſſure your ſelfe
My heart is ſetled vpon none but you,
Tis as my Father and Mother pleaſe:
Get their conſent, you quickly ſhall haue mine.

Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Though I muſt needs confeſſe at firſt that drew me,
But ſince thy vertues wiped that traſh away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and ſo deare is it ſet,
That whilſt I liue, I nere ſhall thee forget.

Quick. Gods pitty here comes her father.

Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Page. M. *Fenton*, I pray what make you heere?

You

You know my anſwer ſir, ſhee's not for you:
Knowing my vow, too blame you are to vſe me thus.

Fen. Pray heare me ſpeake ſir.

Page. Pray ſir get you gone:
Come hither daughter, Sonne *Slender*
Let me ſpeake with you. *They whiſper.*

Quick. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.

Fen. Pray Miſtris *Page* let me haue your conſent.

Miſ: Pa. Ifaith M. *Fenton* tis as my husband pleaſe,
For my part, Ile neyther hinder you, nor further you.

Quick. How ſay you, this was my doings,
I bad you ſpeake to Miſtris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurſe, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canſt for me, farwell.

Exit Fenton.

Quick. By my troth ſo I will, good hart.

Pa. Come wife, you & I will in, wee'l leaue M. *Slender*
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may ſtay ſir if you pleaſe.

Exit Page and his Wife.

Shal: Marry I thanke you for that:
To her couſin, to her.

Slen: Ifaith I know not what to ſay.

Anne. Now M. *Slender*, what's your will?

Slen. Godeſo, there's a leaſt indeed:
Why Miſtris *Anne* I neuer made will yet:
I thanke God I am wiſe enough for that.

Shal. Fie cuſſe fie, thou art not right,
O thou hadſt a Father.

Slen. I had a father Miſtris *Anne*, good Vncle
Tell the Ieſt how my father ſtole the Gooſe out of

The

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